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OCTOBER, 1917.

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I OUGHT TO KNOW.

Annie D. Palmer.

I ought to know the Heavenly Father's will,
To understand salvation's wondrous plan;
His written word a thousand doubts may still,
A thousand precious truths reveal to man.
If I would know, I need but study well
The way of light and life the scriptures tell.

I ought to know my faith's most vital creed,
With prophets heaven-inspired the law to teach;
I ought to know and carefully to heed
Each sacred ordinance within my reach.
When prophets live who know the Lord's command,
The fault is mine, should I not understand.

I ought to know what God would have me do—
The Holy Spirit is by right my guide;
And in the darkest doubt I struggle through,
It cannot fail while prayer and faith abide.
If so I heed its promptings as I go,
By that small voice I surely ought to know.

Should I then fail to do what is my best,
The plea of ignorance will not avail.
Shall I be crowned among the loved and blessed,
Who slothfully my right of power curtail?
The fault is mine, should I not understand,
For truth awaits my grasp on every hand.

THE WOMAN WITH THE HOE.

THE

Relief Society Magazine

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1917. No. 10.

Conservation as Practiced by the Women of the Relief Society.

While it is true that any organization or institution may accomplish marvelous results, such achievements will be the actual work of individuals who compose that body. We are hearing a great deal now about conservation—that word which spells closer economies, more rigid activity, and a keener application of preservative measures for home and national honor; so that it will be interesting to the readers of the *Magazine* to recall in some detail the labors in conservation undertaken and carried to successful issue by individual women on farms, in the wilderness, and in the confines of the crowded city centers; as well as those greater endeavors of ward and stake Relief Societies,—not only such labors as have been called forth by the war, but those long carried on by this Society and its individual members in building up homes and towns, beautifying them, and in conserving all the resources granted us by a beneficent heavenly Provider.

The public press is full of glowing reports from this and that official concerning what Utah has done for this great war charity, and in that fine conservation movement. But we fail to find any credit given to the Relief Society through whose splendid and complete machinery of organized human effort, much of this war work has been undertaken. Men have subscribed money for the Liberty Loan, and our sons have enlisted and have entered the army at our country's call. We are glad to recognize and honor all these public-spirited men in their place and calling; so have most of the women of the state answered the call of the Red Cross and the State Food Conservation committee. But let us sift the facts somewhat. It is said by the best women's club authority that the club membership in the state amounts to about 3,000 women. Most of these, nearly all, are located in Salt Lake City

and Ogden, with a few in Logan and Provo, and a sprinkling in smaller towns. Their state organization is necessarily imperfect and weak. The Relief Society, whose organization is so complete and unified that it excites the admiration and wonder of all who know anything about it, numbers close to 44,000; 26,000 in this state, with 18,000 scattered through every western state and territory, reaching into Europe, Mexico and Canada. It is these women who have been called upon by Mrs. Clarissa Smith Williams, chairman of our own War Relief committee, and appointed by Washington authority as chairman of the Utah Defense Council, and by Mrs. Janette A. Hyde, chairman of our own Home Science and Conservation committee, and appointed by Dr. E. G. Peterson as chairman of the Woman's Department of Food Conservation to fill out the Hoover cards, to dry and preserve foods, to make up the classes taught everywhere by the Agricultural College experts, to join and to do the work of the Red Cross, and indeed to funish the labor, economy, money and organized effort which characterizes Utah's output.

It will not be just nor tolerable for paid officers of the Red Cross, Agricultural College, Defense Council, or indeed any person or persons to assume the credit, collect the money, and draw down the salaries contributed by the women of this or other organizations, without giving due credit, and without permitting this Society, as well as our sister organization, the Y. L. M. I. A., to give and receive money and service as a body and not as individuals. It is well that we see this principle clearly. Never was there a time in the history of the Church nor of this Society when we needed to grasp the fundamental principles of unity, solidarity and loyalty to God and to the Relief Society as we do today. Let us help, let us conserve, but let us not lose our identity as Relief Society women nor as women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. These are momentous times—be not deceived. Wait for the word of direction, listen for the voice of inspired counsel. Do not permit this Society to be exploited for the honor of any man, woman, or official. Let us forget personal ambition, set aside selfish vanity and labor only for the cause of truth and righteousness.

And now, let us give ear to the vivid and telling recital of one young widow's experiences in taking up 320 acres of land, bringing it under cultivation, virtually alone and unaided, except for the fiancial assistance of her struggling boy of fifteen, who worked in the summers to earn what money was absolutely essential to their plans, while his busy mother plowed, sowed and reaped: She took our Relief Society Nurse Course some years since, which doubled her citizenship values and added much to her own native pluck and intelligence. Left a widow in May, 1899, with a babe twenty months old, she has supported herself

through many trying years and scenes, as other noble widows have done and are doing:

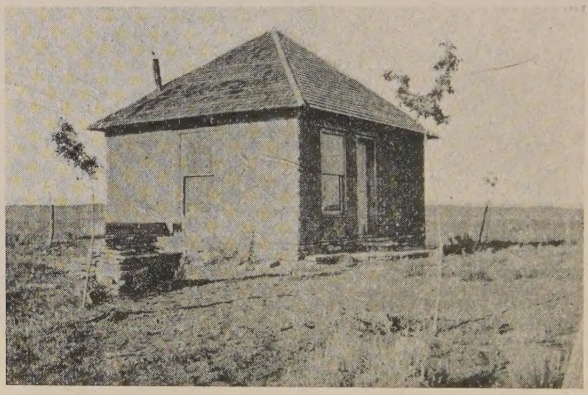
With one hundred dollars in her pocket Mrs. Nellie Allen made homestead entry of 320 acres, on November 4, 1912, in Dry Lake, near Holbrook, Snowflake stake, Arizona.

Through drought and other conditions she was unable to start actual work until ten months later, when with the help of a man for one day to get the frame work up she built a lumber room 16x16, without windows, and with a bed tarp hung up for a door, in which she and her fifteen-year-old son lived. The son went into the hills alone and burned the native cement and hauled sand and wood which he brought to make blocks for the

MRS. ALLEN OUT HUNTING.

house. While the blocks were being made in the daytime the widow's son measured, sawed and made the doors and window frames. At night they kept fires on all sides of the blocks to keep them from freezing. When the fires went low one or the other got up and rebuilt them. While the house was building the mother planed the lumber for doors and window casings and mop-boards. They moved into the house on the 1st of March, 1914, although there were no shingles on the roof, for they had no money to buy them, and did not like to go in debt. So here

again they used wagon covers and bed tarps. The widow's father helped put them on. He had in mind the keeping out of the wind and sand, so started in at the top and lapped the canvas over as he came down. This worked fine until the heavy rains came. Then there was only a small place in the center that did not leak. Every drop that lit on the roof ran down under the lap below and into the house. Several times the water was four inches deep, with the widow sweeping as fast as she could to keep it out. She put the table in the center, piled the bedding onto it, then things that should not be wet on top of the bedding. The trunk and a couple of boxes of books went under the table. The box couch rolled as near as it would go, so that the oilcloth on the table would reach over part way. Then all the pans she had were put along the rest of the way. Once she tried shingling the



CONCRETE HOUSE BUILT BY MRS. ALLEN.

bed with newspapers and catalogue leaves, but it was not much of a success. She went to Holbrook on the last of August, and got the shingles (Holbrook is twenty-six miles away). Her father showed her how to put them on, and her brother, fifteen years old, came and helped her. That was her first experience in that line of work, but the roof has not leaked since.

WATER IS FOUND.

Until they started to work on the homestead, there was a part of each year that everyone had to move away from the valley because there was no water. The mail carrier, who was compelled to pass through, had to haul water twenty miles. On the homestead is a low clay flat; an old sink hole, it is supposed, where many head of cattle have died when the water dried up. She thought by scraping a deep hole at the lowest part of the pond, she could have water for a much longer time. The pond

ARIZONA DESERT AS IT LOOKED WHEN MRS. ALLEN TOOK UP HER FARM.

had been dry and dusty virtually for over a year, and there had been one well bored seventy-five feet deep two and one-half miles south, without a sign of water. So one can imagine their surprise and delight, when about eighteen inches of dirt had been scraped off, to see one of the horses bog (sink) down to his body. They took the horses and scraper out to one side and started in with a shovel, and in half an hour had a well that could not be dipped dry. Later when they were making blocks they dug a well that filled a 500-gallon tank. This water has been the greatest blessing Dry Lake has known, for no one has had to move away on that account since.

The spring the house was made the widow set out 36 fruit trees, 16 currant bushes, 10 gooseberry bushes and 10 shade trees. She drew water alone from the well and carried to them, often drawing one hundred and twenty-five gallons in an evening. Because of the extreme drought she raised only a small patch of beans and corn that year, and after the rains began, a little garden.

Most of the time she was alone, except when a little niece would come and stay at night. Her nearest neighbors were a brother and sister and their family, who lived one-half mile away on their homesteads. They were compelled to move away to school, so that left the widow all alone.

On the 4th of January, 1915, she went over to Holbrook and started cooking in her brother's hotel. Here she stayed three months. This helped to get seed for planting and a little left to go on with. She tried raising chickens and had the finest kind of luck until she was called away by sickness for a few days; when she got back the bob-cats had left her three hens, some wings and a lot of feathers. She has not given up, but expects to have a poultry farm yet.

HOME-MADE MACHINERY.

Outside of about ten acres, planted with a two-row planter or lister, the widow planted all her crop with an invention of her father's and her own. She called it a digger. It had a small steel nose, to act as a subsoiler, fastened on to an old beam of a potato digger. There was a piece of pipe running down from a cement sack funnel, which was fastened to the beam. The pipe had a small triangular piece cut out at the back, to keep it from clogging. The father drove the team while she walked behind holding the digger with one hand and dropping seed with the other. She had a seed bucket fastened to the digger handles.

MRS. ALLEN AND FATHER PLANTING.

They planted eighty acres for themselves and others in this way, averaging a row fifteen miles long or about five acres a day. Next she started the weeder, invented and made by her brother, when through planting. The first day she had her father's team for half a day, then her pony team which was given her by her father for the other half. In this way she weeded eleven acres in that one day. The rest of the summer she used her own three ponies, working two at a time, averaging about five acres a day. She brought the horses from the pasture and harnessed and unharnessed them herself most of the time. Beside thirty acres which she weeded for herself, she weeded one hundred

acres for other people. Some of it she weeded twice during the summer. A larger part of the homestead was not touched from planting till harvest except what she did. Most of the crop was beans and corn. She raised a few squash, one thousand pounds of beans and ten tons of corn and fodder. The next winter her sister and family built at the other end of the valley to be near school, and her brother moved away. So in February, 1916, she went off to Woodruff to nurse, as nursing was her profession, and stayed till the 1st of May, when she came back and started planting again.

DISCOURAGEMENTS THICKEN.

The oats and corn were as pretty and green as anything ever grown. The beans were just ready to peep out of the ground when, on the 7th and 8th of June, a wind came which brought the beans down like mushrooms. It blew the loose dirt away from them

MRS. ALLEN'S FATHER PLOWING.

and left the white bean on long, slender stems which wilted as soon as the sun struck them. The oats made one think of grass on the edge of a pond, only, instead of reflection, it was the real white roots about six inches out of the ground. The corn looked like a fire had passed over it. The wind ended in a rain. But since she had to stay on the homestead seven months out of the year, crop or no crop, the plucky woman felt she must not give up; so with the help of her little nephew, and an old hand corn-planter, she replanted to corn. The rains kept coming, and with the hot days quite a number of beans that had not sprouted before now came up, and with the replanted corn she had promise of quite a crop. The corn was about a foot high and some of the beans were fixing for bloom when she noticed some cattle were in the field, at the north end, a mile away. She was terribly afraid

of strange cattle, so she got her nephew to go with her, taking staples and hammer to fix the wire. The boy drove the cattle out while she went on out to the line. The wind which had ruined their crop had piled Russian thistles against the fence which had caught the sand until the wire was covered up for half a mile; and part of the way, just the tip of the seven foot posts could be seen. When the brave homesteader saw that fence she sat right down there and cried, for she knew what it meant. In two days she counted 200 head of cattle inside her field. She tried to dig the wire out, but found it too much of a job, so took a day off at mother's so she would not have to watch things eaten. Think of it, you full-fed, well-protected city dwellers!

Last winter she went away again for four months nursing. This spring the widow fenced off thirty acres by itself, so she hopes the crop is safe from cattle. She has only a few acres in, for her team died last winter. So she has not run the weeder this year. She has taken out the weeds with another of her brother's inventions which they call a shove-hoe; they push it under the weed instead of hacking the weeds off in the old way. With this she can weed as much as two men the other way.

SICKNESS ASSAILS.

For nearly two years her nearest neighbors have lived three and one-half miles away and she was alone most of the time. For weeks at a time she would see no one, except once a week, when some one would come for water, for they haul all the water for house use from there except in the spring when the tanks nearer by are fresh. Other times men who were farming there, but who did not live there, would bring their horses to water every day. They would always call to the cheery homesteader to know if she was all right.

Once she took suddenly ill. She went out and put up a white apron on a quilting frame, which she tied to a fence post. Her sister who had lived half a mile away had formed the habit of looking for the widow's light every evening, so she hoped the sister would see her flag of distress; but it happened that she was not at home. Her mother and other sisters were busy, so did not look down that way. She had no thermometer, but took her own pulse late in the afternoon. It was 108. Mexican sheep herders were always camped not far from the place, at times as many as five herds—on every side a camp fire. They hardly ever came near the homestead, except to ask where some ranch was or some other herd. They quite often visited from one camp to another. It so happened one had passed the house in the morning of this day, going to see a friend on the other side of the section. Always before she had felt more at ease the farther away they stayed, but this time the sick woman watched and waited for that

Mexican to come back. She spoke no Spanish, but hoped to be able to get the man to take a note and get help, but he did not come back that way. Finally dark came. She had tried putting a wet towel on her head and around her wrists, but would chill so that she could not stand it. So a while after dark, when she was getting no better and felt like she was burning up, she took her pulse again. This time it was 127 to the minute. She began to think she might make mouse and rat food before anyone found her, so she got up and started for the other end of the prairie. The horses were out in the pasture, so it was out of the question to get one of them. On she stumbled, not daring to stop for fear she would not make it. She reached her people between ten and eleven o'clock that night. Several times she had walked from their home after dark, and alone, but not when she was sick. Who may describe her feelings? The illness resembled the new plague, spinal meningitis, and was an epidemic which was very severe while it lasted. She, being a nurse herself, was called out to children three times the week before she took sick; the patients seemed to be on the verge of convulsions when their temperature was highest. Also she went to a sister who seemed near death for one whole night. They were all up walking around in three or four days; and it was the same with the widow, who returned home again before a week. The spine in each case was affected from the waist down for several weeks after the attack and felt like there was something missing in the back when moving around.

When the widow wanted anything from town, twenty-six miles away, she would hitch up her team and go after it, always letting her people know where she had gone, and when she expected to get back. Once, when everyone else had left the valley, she brought home quite a load, so did not get back till long after dark. Some of her men folks were coming by another road and did not expect to reach the valley that night. While she was unhitching she looked around at the camp-fires and thought if anything should happen to her she would make for a certain fire which was two miles away. There was a fire on each side of this one, just a little distance away. The next morning the boys' horses were here at the corral and when they came for them they told her she had picked the right fire.

People often ask if it is not lonesome for the homesteader. She replies: "Yes; sometimes the quiet just rings in my ears, and at night a mouse scampering across the floor wakes me with a start. I am a light sleeper, and have depended much on that fact and on a Winchester which I always have within easy reach, for my protection. I thank the Lord each morning for daylight, when I am alone."

She is always blessed with plenty to do and a love for books in spare time, which has helped a great deal. Then when she

likes to take her gun, she goes for a rabbit hunt. The rabbits have been such pests that the settlers have tried every means of killing them off. A few old jack rabbits will do as much damage in the corn in a night as a yearling calf, especially after the corn is shocked. They have found the jack rabbits good chicken feed, and some people like the little bush rabbits, although the widow cannot eat them. She killed five hundred rabbits the first winter she was homesteading. A few times she has gone too close to an old rattle-snake for comfort. Once she was taking out the ash-pan and did not notice where she was stepping till she was all tangled up with one. Two other times one has been right up to the step before she saw it, and once she stepped over one, half under the step. One she stepped over one in a corn row. Many times she has just seen them in time to avoid stepping on them, but they always let you know if they are unfriendly.

She offered final proof on her homestead May 29, 1917, and thus ended the first act in her domestic drama. But who may tell the courage, resourcefulness, will-power and self-control begotten of these experiences? The results on all who know or hear, and especially upon her own son, will prove the value and importance of Sister Allen's labors and sacrifices. These are the pioneer labors that have made this people what they are. When women sit down to mourn or cast their burdens on relatives and friends, tell them of Nellie Allen and her homesteading experiences in Dry Lake, Snowflake stake, Arizona.

THE MAGIC OF SONG.

Mrs. Parley Nelson.

When the heart is sad and lonely,
And the day seems long,
Did you ever try the magic
Of a lilting song?
Eyes begin to sparkle
And lips smile e'er long
For they can't resist the magic
Of a lilting song.

When life seems to have no bright side,
And you fret and sigh,
And you only see the shadows
As the clouds sail by,
Sing a joyful stanza,
Sing it clear and strong,
For the heart forgets its burden
In a lilting song.

Manti, Utah.

DELWYN THOMAS.

Our Boys in France.

One of our brave and faithful sons has written home concerning his experiences in the War Zone. Delwyn Thomas won the Oxford scholarship three years ago, and left his parents, Elder and Mrs. David P. Thomas of this city to take up his residence in England at that famous University. Modest and unassuming, he possesses a fine mind, sterling integrity and invincible courage. Fired with the love of liberty and truth, as exemplified by the struggle of the Allies, he left England one year ago, turning away from his comfortable quarters, his new friends, and his adored studies, to offer himself on the field of battle in France. His letters breathe a spirit of loyalty to his religion and his home, while the clear, vivid simplicity of the pictures he paints are models of brevity and manliness.

Many a mother will read these lines with tear-dimmed eyes, but will find also much comfort in the homely atmosphere of divine trust and peace which animate every line. We commend this recital to all our readers:

Feb. 27, 1917.

Dear Folks: Mother's letter and also Gladys' and Peggy's have been received. I am very sorry I have been so slack about writing, but I don't see what I can do about it. I had every intention of writing mother on the 22nd, but it happened that I was on duty that day and there was so much to do that I did not get to

bed until 2:30 a. m. I was very glad to know that everything was going so well with you all at home, and I hope that that condition still prevails. The prospect of mother and father taking a holiday in Southern California appeals to me most strongly, and I am eagerly waiting for the news that the proposed trip has actually materialized, and an account of a very pleasant time spent in a warmer climate. This holiday has certainly been due them, and I do hope they have had it.

There is nothing of importance to signal from here. Our sector is still very quiet, and we have very little work to do. On the other hand, the breaking up of the cold weather was not without its unpleasant features, because quite a number of the fellows have been ill—nothing serious—and they have had to be evacuated to Bar le Duc or Paris. We have two in the former place and three in Paris. The trouble is that when a man gets under the weather out here it is almost impossible to get well under the conditions in which we live. The barracks are large and windy, and we have oceans of mud to wade through before we reach the road, so that if one goes down on his back he usually stays there. Those of us who are well, however, are happy and contented in spite of the fact that we are short-handed. One reason for this contentment may well be said to be the "cook." Did I tell you about him? He is the first French chef whose preparations I have had the pleasure of eating. For the last eight years before the war he was "chef de la cuisine" for the French Ambassador at Vienna, which fact should be enough to establish his sterling ability. I don't see how I will be able to enjoy the handiwork of Mr. Coburn, of Lincoln College, after the wonderful cooking of our present cuisine.

My plans have not been changed at all. I believe I wrote a few words before about how I thought war between the United States and Germany would affect me. I have no intention of entering any branch of combatant service, and I could hardly go back to Oxford under the circumstances. Therefore, only two courses would be open to me: either to stay here in the American Ambulance or some other branch of the Red Cross, or go home. Much as I should like to take the latter course, I don't think I should, because I should consider myself bound to do as much as I could in a non-combatant way, and this can only be done here in France. My present enlistment finishes on April 5. Would you be very much disappointed if I did not go back to Oxford then, but stayed on in the Ambulance through the summer? It is not likely that I will do this because it is not certain what Germany will do. You will be able to know from this what I shall do. The mails now are extremely irregular, so you may not get this letter before April.

We hear a great deal of talk of a general offensive by the

Allies on all the fronts at one time which, if successful, it is hoped, will bring about a speedy termination of the war. An army chaplain had supper at this post with us last night and told us many things of considerable interest. This offensive, he said, would come off some time in March. He gave some interesting "dope" on the Germans: the civilians in Germany are allowed per week: 2 lbs. bread, ½ lb. meat, 1 lb. of something else; the soldiers frequently took only half of their permissions because their people could not get enough to eat at home; that letters found on captured Germans indicate an alarming condition of starvation in the homes of poor people. I wonder how much truth there is in this talk! The medicine man of this post says the chaplain is "bavard," and of course it is this chaplain's business to hearten up the "poilus" as much as possible. Very likely he succeeds in bolstering up some men with his stories. Personally, I am still optimistic enough to hope for peace before the end of the year, though opinions range from two months to three years more.

I must close now. I send you all my love and prayers for your welfare. I hope you will not be alarmed if I delay somewhat about writing—perhaps I had better send post cards when it is impossible to write more. Affectionately,

DEL.

May 25, 1917.

Dear Folks: Some time in the dim past I heard from you and answered but that is so long ago that I do not even remember when it was; perhaps from "somewhere in the Champagne." Now I am "somewhere else in the Champagne," and tomorrow we leave this place to go *"en repos."* Not, you understand, that we need a rest, but the division to which we are attached certainly does, and we must go with it. We have had some very interesting work during the last two or three weeks—very interesting, indeed—but we have not done much work in spite of the fact that this sector is very active and there have been several attacks and counter attacks. Our division made what was supposed to be a surprise attack a few days ago, following a brilliant advance on its right. But the Germans were very much on the job, and since there had been no artillery preparation the attack fizzled out; several units were not even sent in; and the losses were pretty heavy—considering the small size of the operation—though we carried very few wounded. Three poor beggars had to be left out in "no-man's-land" with no chance of recovering them. *C'est la guerre.* We had the wonderful good luck, the evening before, of witnessing the brilliant operation alluded to above. There was a hill to be taken, that dominated this valley for many miles around. It is really only a little knoll, a scant 300 or 400 feet higher than the valley, but it has been the scene of a gigantic con-

flict since the French offensive began on April 16. The French had taken it two or three times before we came, and had lost it as many times; once because one part of the line could not advance; another time because the Germans prepared several great tunnels and put several regiments in them. Then when the French had passed, they came out and took the French in the rear! Now for three weeks the French have been bombarding that hill with "big stuff," 150's, 220's, 270's, 310's and even 400 mm. shells. Any time of day you could go out and see great clouds of black smoke going up from that hill, sometimes a dozen explosions at once. Thousands of shells must have been expended this way. Then came the day of the attack. Soon the bombardment began in real earnest. Every battery in the sector opened up with the most ear-splitting din imaginable. Happily the country is level, so that the sound was not concentrated. We were out there in that sea of batteries three or four kilometers from

DELWYN THOMAS IN MARSEILLES.

the hill. The Boches held their fire—I don't suppose I heard half a dozen *"arrives"* during the afternoon. For four hours and a half this sort of thing kept up until I thought my head would split, and at no time was the top of that hill visible. At 4:30 the French eased off a little and the Boches began. In two minutes our side of the hill was covered with smoke; the attack had begun, and the Germans were executing a *"tir de barrage."* We got some glasses and watched! Through the folds of the smoke we could see the men going up the hill in short rushes. by the lines of the "barrage fire" we could make out the three *vaves* of the attackers. They were the Zouaves and Morrocans, with whom a few nights before we had been joking on the road as they were going up to the trenches. They had been in high spirits then and had made great fun of picking out the ambu-

lance which was to carry them back. Half way up the French "75's" began to talk. When shall I ever forget that sharp, spiteful bang of explosives and the crackling of the air like dry grass burning as the shell swept on its mission of death! Heaven help any poor Germans in the trenches on that hill! We saw those khaki-clad *"Tirailleurs"* go over the brow of that hill, then for a moment come running back in confusion—after meeting some machine guns, probably—then a quick re-formation and reenforcement and on again out of sight. They had gained their objective and held it. As the official *communique* said, "All the observatories in this sector are now in our hands." How anyone could have gone up that hill is more than I can understand, yet the losses were comparatively small! The tunnels were not entirely destroyed and the Germans in them refused to surrender.

June 4, 1917.

Dear Sister: Yours of a month ago received. No need to say how glad I was to learn that all is well at home. I don't wonder that you are interested in what I intend to do, but I can't enlighten you much now, because I have received nothing from England in the way of information to go on. However, there is still a month in which something may happen. I have considered pretty seriously your suggestion about staying in the ambulance—as a matter of fact the subject is a most important one for conversation and argument in the section. To sum the matter up, it seems to me that this job is only tenable if the war ends this autumn, and the conviction is growing on me daily that there will be another winter's campaign. The Germans can keep up the fight almost indefinitely; it would seem that the time when Germany will be in the condition of the Southern Confederacy, in 1864, is more than a year in the future, to put it mildly. The idea of a young, strong, healthy fellow like myself holding a job like this which could be performed by a broken-down crook of a man of 60 is not pleasant to contemplate, when you consider the number of men of 40 or 45 who are enduring the real hardships of the trenches—due to the shortage of men. I am not implying that ambulance is not an important branch of the service which cannot be called *"ambusque,"* but there are other jobs harder which we can fill well and ease the terrible load that France has endured for so long. On the other hand, speaking for myself, my scientific training ought to be more valuable than if I went as a soldier. If that job does not come my way I frankly don't know what I shall do. Heaven knows I don't want to go into any combatant force, but I don't know!

Our country has entered the war for reasons which I so entirely approve that the whole face of the matter has been changed. As long as the war was essentially a clash of economic and com-

mercial interests founded on a mediæval idea of nationalism and balance of power, I could not feel called upon to take a combatant part, though I felt that a case against Germany was pretty strong from the first. Now President Wilson has seized upon the submarine issue to raise the greater and more important questions of a league of peace and the essential menace of an autocracy in the midst of Democratic nations. For the "League of Peace" requires Democratic nations, or it has little chance of success. Moreover, it is plain that now that we have abandoned our policy of "splendid isolation" which is now impractical, we have got to assume a tremendous responsibility in launching the plan which will make possible saner interrelations of nations. This responsibility will entail the formation of a large American army, for it is obvious that there will be so much distrust between the European nations after the war that they will never consent to reducing armaments and war preparations unless they have some real assurance that the other nations will respect the agreements of the League. The forces of our country can be reasonably trusted to be used according to requirements of the League, and not to yield to the dictates of any factor which tends to oppose the common agreement. Thus the idea may become practical and successful. Certain it is that the old system is a complete failure! If Germany is democratized there will then be only one disturbing factor in the program: Japan. Under the League this may be kept in its place until it, too, throws off its despotic government. At any rate, we must face a conflict of interests with Japan eventually; let us be well prepared! If we are really entrenched in a community of nations our position will be invincible. Hope you won't think me a fire-eater for talking like this, but it seems very good sense to me. Why are we always dodging realities! As the selfish and organized aggressiveness of the nations—especially the autocratic nations—does not seem to hesitate before a state of war is created, something must be done in a general way to check it. Unfortunately, the ultimate appeal in international quarrels, is war, and we must be prepared to do our share if some member in the League breaks his pledges. This does not mean that we will be a martial nation like Germany at all! I was very much interested in news from home; wish you would always keep me posted. Congratulations to Gwyn! Love to you all. Wish I could have seen Gladys at commencement. Has she got a job yet? Thanks for suggesting that you will finance me. I am not in great need at the moment. Again love,

DEL.

June 22, 1917.

My Dear Aunt Susa: I am fully conscious of the fact that it is nearly two years since I last wrote to you, and I realize how

useless it would be for me to try to explain away this deplorable condition of things. It simply couldn't be done. I find in my letter files, the beginning of a letter dated Feb. 2, 1917, which for some reason was never finished. I trust you will accept this fact as proof of my good will even though the accomplishment was delayed.

Until July of last year I was so absorbed in my examination at Oxford that all my correspondence suffered terribly. I wonder if my folks showed you the letter in which I described "Degree Day" at the University? I rather hope not, because I am afraid I wrote in too jocular a way. On that day I could only see the ludicrous side of the event. But all that seems so far away and of such little moment now! Since August I have been out on the French front driving an ambulance. Until February we worked in a very active sector, when we were transferred to a very quiet sector for three months. Since the first of May we have moved about considerably. In the course of these wanderings we have done nearly three weeks of real work in a real sector; the rest of the time has been spent "twiddling our thumbs" on rest behind the lines. Therefore it is plain that I have no excuse for not having written months ago, at least. Now we are feeling the lull that precedes the storm, and I feel certain without having any direct evidence to go on, that if this letter is not finished by tomorrow, it won't be finished for at least a month.

I hope you will not find what I write uninteresting, because I refuse to sacrifice veracity to imaginative journalistic blandishments. One is too often inclined to think of war as a feverish round of excitement, when, as a matter of fact, except at isolated moments, it is a dull round of more or less unpleasant "waiting." We ambulance drivers are much more fortunate than almost anyone else because our work is more varied and less dangerous. But whenever we are sent back *"en repos"*—an ambulance section moves with the army division to which it is attached —there is always great discontent. This is not due to any love of the front, but simply to the fact that it is so irksome to take an enforced rest when you neither need nor want one; especially when you are sent to a village of fifty inhabitants for this purpose. The division is pretty certain not to be sent back until it is thoroughly tired out, but we ambulance drivers under exceptional circumstances are able to stay in camp at least every other night, and get a good night's sleep away from the noise of the guns, and thus are able to go on much longer.

Our work is not without a great deal of fascination. The real game is being played when one is piloting a car containing three badly wounded men (*grande blesses conchegar*, the French say) on a dark, moonless night, without lights of any sort, over roads badly torn up by night-traffic, and shell fire, but which could

not be properly repaired under the watchful eyes of the German observers. One knows that the slightest jar is keenly felt by the wounded men inside the car, and that a heavy jolt may kill them, consequently it is a delicate art indeed—this night driving at the front, and a highly fascinating one as well. For when the surfaces of certain roads are continually changing from day to day and even from trip to trip, it is impossible to know where all the rough places and shell holes are, and one frequently has to stop the car and explore the road ahead, if one fancies one seees anything on the path darker than the road itself. Great zest is added to the game by the fact that these roads always carry a larger volume of traffic after dark, and it is by no means easy to tell whether a wagon is coming or going until you are within a few feet of it. It is really terrifying to pass a convoy of light artillery. The caissons and pieces (75 of them) are drawn by six horse teams and they go rattling down the road at a gallop. Ditches, fields and holes do not make them hesitate in their break-neck speed and they make so much noise you can't expect them to hear a horn or a clarion. All one can do is to pull upon the right of the road and make all the noise one can and *pray!*

But it is not my intention to discuss this phase of the matter. I would much rather give you a few of the impressions of the French "poilu' (the French soldier) which I have gathered during the past ten months of fairly intimate contact with him. I think it can safely be said that our people—especially in the western part of the United States—do not really understand the average Frenchman. I am afraid too many of us think of him as a morally loose and decadent person steeped in the excesses of Parisian night life. As a matter of fact, the contrary is much nearer the truth. It is true that he seldom drinks water except as soup. He is given wine and coffee as regular rations and in time of peace these were his regular beverages. But drunkenness was never prevalent, I am told, because the wine is always used in moderation. Even the children drink it; it is undoubtedly an acquired taste and I suppose that when one has drunk it regularly from childhood, one can take a considerable amount without showing any bad effects. In point of fact the water of rural France is not fit to drink; nearly all the wells and streams are labeled *"Eau Dangeruse,"* so it is only the part of wisdom not to drink it. It is true also that the Frenchman has a different idea from ours of what is proper in certain matters, particularly those touching sex relations.

But the big essential qualities of his makeup, outside of that one moral looseness, are of the finest, and he is very attractive to Americans. He is sociable and fraternalistic to a degree. One almost never passes a "poilu" without an exchange of salutes

and the time of day *"Bon jour!"* I like to engage him in conversation to the extent of my limited knowledge of his language. He is generally a willing and fluent talker. Touching the war he invariably asks two questions: "When will American troops come?" and "When will the war end?" And just as invariably he expresses his extreme weariness of the whole thing by saying, *"Ah, mon vieux, trois ans de la guerre!"* (It is altogether too long). This sentiment is accompanied by the very expressive gesture of shaking the right hand. Without doubt he is thoroughly "fed up" on the war. When you consider that the whole army, old men of forty-five as well as the young men, has been in the field since the very beginning, this condition is not to be wondered at. That first year must have been terrible; the issues were always so uncertain and the Germans so strong, that the army had to be kept up to full strength all the time. Consequently it was not until the summer and autumn of 1915, that the practice of granting short leaves of absence could be inaugurated. As you may imagine seven days' "permission" after every four months at the front is not too long a period of recuperation. Obviously he has some more than his share in the war and now that our country has taken a hand in the business, it is for us to relieve him of his awful burden as quickly as possible. For, to express my own opinion, I don't see how anything short of a revolution in Germany can end the war this year, and I can see no reason to justify hoping for a revolution this year.

As poilu or officer the Frenchman is a jolly good "comrade" and it is a pleasure to work with him. Take the following incident which illustrates in a slightly exaggerated way what I mean. Last winter a shell broke the surface of the road in a swampy place. The hole could not be filled up because everything that was put in sank out of sight. Consequently for two or three weeks it was a sore spot indeed! We always had to unload our *"blesses"* and carry them across, then wade about in this watery mud half way up to the knees to find the best way through. Then it was a gamble whether we would get through under our own power or not. One night I got beautifully stuck and as there was no one about to help me except the American who was with me as orderly, we could only unload the car and struggle with it. Presently a cavalcade of six men came along, a colonel and his staff, and even in the dark it was obvious that they were swankily dressed. They paused a moment to take in the situation, then they all went down into the mud and the "Ford" was fairly lifted bodily out of the hole. Then they helped us load up again, joked a little about the incident, shook hands with us cordially and went on.

We have frequent opportunities for seeing and talking to the

German prisoners. When they are first taken they are almost invariably so glad to be out of the fight that they are happy to be prisoners. In the majority of cases this point of view persists for months, when they are made to sit on a rock pile and break stone under the watchful eye of a man with a big gun and a long shiny bayonet. They are not given too much to eat either, though I believe their rations contain more than the calculated amount of food values. It would be difficult to imagine a working man getting fat on two meals a day which consist of half a pound of bread and a mess-can full of beans or lentils or macaroni, with meat only three times a week.

Unfortunately, I cannot speak German fluently, but I have managed laboriously to glean several statements which, if true, are very interesting. One chap told me that the soldiers in the trenches do not get the newspapers until they (the newspapers) are old and consequently they know little of what is going on in their country. Another told me that the Socialist party in Germany, which comprises the majority of the people, had grown away from the idea that the Kaiser is necessary to the German people and would welcome a revolution. He seemed to think that the revolution would come soon if the war should continue much longer. There is no doubt about the fact that the Germans are as "fed up" with the war as are the French. But they have by no means stopped fighting. The other day they brought in a couple of men who had escaped from a prison camp thirty miles behind the lines, and who had worked their way for four days without food, until they were out in "no-man's-land" within a hundred yards of their lines, where they were caught in a shell hole by a French patrol.

I must stop now. I send you my best wishes, and my kindest regards to all my friends in the 24th Ward. It seems such a long time since I was there, and I am afraid it will be a long time before I get back. I trust this letter will make up a little for my gross negligence in the past.

Very sincerely yours,

DELWIN THOMAS.

Lincoln College,
Oxford.

Oxford, July 26, 1917.

Dear Folks: I really haven't a thing to add to my last letter from Southampton, but I have no end of time on my hands, and I must do something. As a matter of fact, since I left the front I have received no word from home at all, and I am beginning to wonder if you have all stopped writing.

I spent a few days in London before coming here, in making

inquiries about the possibility of getting something to do, and also in taking in a few theatres. I was more successful in the latter task than in the former. The Ministry of Munitions, the War Office and the Medical Department, all gave me very little satisfaction. Indeed Mr. Ledgwick tells me that the tendency of the moment in munition making is to cut down on the output of chemicals, which seems to be able to be made more rapidly than they can be used! If I could afford to wait I might be able to get something to do with our army, but at present there is nothing doing in that direction. Unfortunately, perhaps, for me, my work with the French has pretty well destroyed my pacifist ideas, and not being either a conscientious objector or a "physical unfit," I suppose I must do something. I went around to "Deseret" to attend meeting and Sunday school—how I enjoyed getting back among our people!—and the President of the conference suggested my letting him call me on a mission! I can't think of anything I would rather do, unless it be to go back into a chemical laboratory, if only my overpowering sense of duty were not dragging me in the other direction.

But to come to the point, I have made application for admission into an artillery cadet battalion with the idea of eventually obtaining a commission in the British Army! There! the thing is said! I don't know what will come of the application, but it is possible that it will go through. Whether I shall make good as an officer is another matter. If I don't, I suppose I shall go into the ranks. It is not outside the bounds of possibility that after I have been trained by the British I may be transferred to the American Army. But at present this transference is impossible!

That's all I know about the matter as yet. Meanwhile I am staying in Oxford enjoying an idle existence. The place is wonderfully alluring at this season, and the river is indescribably beautiful. All the Americans have gone away from Oxford—most of them having gone home.

I do hope you are all well at home. I send my love to you all. I was going through my stuff at College yesterday and I ran on to several pictures and letters from home that made me regret having applied to get into the army. Who knows when the war will be over and I can come home? I hope it may be soon.

Again much love to you all,

DEL.

Somewhere.

By Annie P. Roberts.

Somewhere, safe with the angels of light,
  Is the baby who left us here;
Dear little life that ne'er knew a cross,
  And eyes undimmed by a tear.
Somewhere, safe in our Father's home,
  Did our little one awake,
When her untried soul through the great unknown
  Did its heavenward passage take.

Our dreams are filled with the touch of her hands,,
  The pattering sound of her feet;
And like the low notes of the song-bird's call
  Her voice so gentle and sweet.
Waking, we stretch forth our empty arms,
  And question in sad refrain,
"Shall we come to you there, someday, somewhere,
  And know you, and have you again?"

Have her again? Ah love Divine!
  Once ours she is ours for aye;
The two worlds touch and but veil of sense
  Hides our little girl's form away.
Somewhere, we know, in the realms of God,
  Our darling our coming waits,
And, mayhap, for us her baby hands
  Shall open the beautiful gates.

Somewhere, safe in the fold of Christ,
  Is the lamb who left us here,
Dear little life, so pure and white,
  And eyes undimmed by a tear.
And to hearts that mourn comes the old sweet words,
  By our blessed Savior given,
"Suffer them all to come unto me,
  For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Notes from the Field.

By Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary.

CONSERVATION.

When it is taken into consideration that the women of the Relief Society are as a general rule the mothers of large families, that they do practically all their own sewing and housework, and in many instances cook for farm hands, that they attend faithfully to their Relief Society duties, by administering to the sick and needy, and in adition attend regularly their weekly Society meetings where courses of study are pursued, that they take an active part in all public movements for civic betterment, it is gratifying as well as surprising that they have managed to go so extensively into war food production and conservation, and have found time to take up additional work for the Red Cross. It is very evident that they have learned to conserve time as well as food, and that they have wasted no effort during the last year. We only hope our members will not overdo, but conserve themselves as well as the food and material resources.

North Sanpete.

The North Sanpete stake has secured and distributed a large number of bulletins and pamphlets on food conservation. The members are working individually as well as collectively to economize in all matters and to conserve large quantities of fruit and vegetables for the coming winter's use.

South Sanpete.

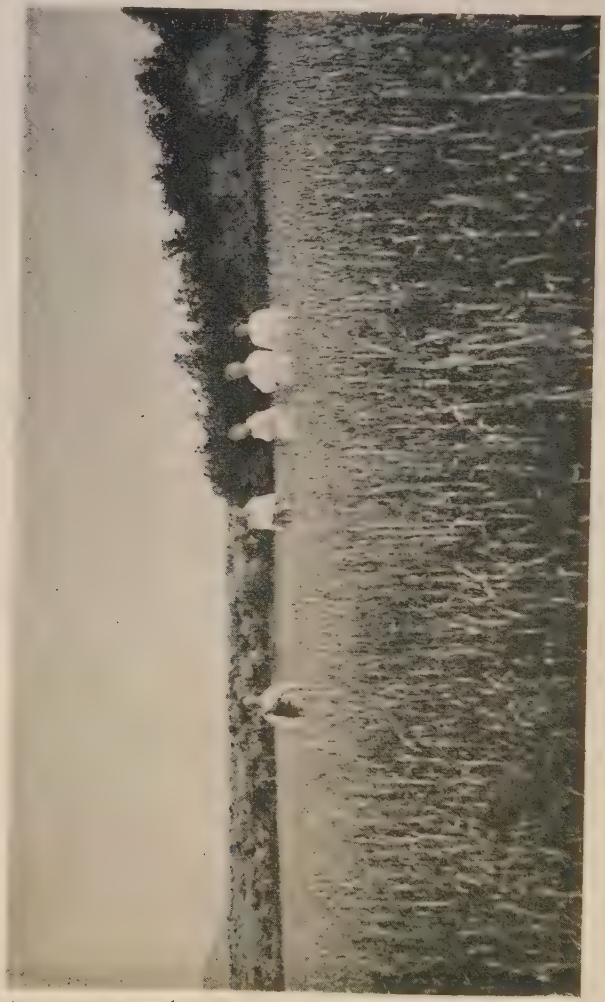
The Relief Society members of the Stirling ward made good use of a donation of 9¼ bushels of apples. These apples were quarts of jelly were made. This same ward has just finished 4 pealed and dried. Of the pealings and cores of the apples 16 quilts for a needy family.

Bannock Stake.

The women of Bannock stake have for many years been successfully canning vegetables of all kinds. They have also dried for their own use large quantities of sweet corn. It has therefore required little or no effort to enlist their services in a general campaign for food preservation. Not all varieties of fruit can be grown in this locality and as a result of this, all that is grown is well cared for. Some of the women of this stake have been eminently successful in the canning of fish—salmon trout—which is most delicious and palatable. In some families this canned fish is taking the place of meat.

Deseret Stake.

The women in Deseret stake have been very active in food production. Many of the wards have planted wheat and potatoes. At a recent meeting held in Deseret ward, it was noted that in the minutes of the previous meeting the women of the ward were



LEAMINGTON RELIEF SOCIETY WHEAT FIELD, GROWN ON THE TOWN BASEBALL FIELD.

invited to appear at the potato field on a certain day to weed the Relief Society potato patch. A great deal of the labor on the various wheat and potato patches has been done by these good women personally.

One of the best looking wheat fields in Millard county is that of the Leamington Relief Society, a branch of 37 members.

After a fruitless effort to secure a portion of farm land upon which to produce wheat, these energetic women secured a lease on the town baseball field, where they now have a fine stand of wheat. It is estimated that the yield will be 40 bushels per acre. The grain will be cut by a self-binder and gathered by the women themselves for threshing.

Jordan Stake.

The women of Jordan have been very much interested in the demonstrations in the canning of fruits, meats and vegetables which have been held in their stake, and as a result of these demonstrations they are busily engaged in preserving food. Some of the wards have planted wheat while others have planted potatoes and beans.

Salt Lake Stake.

The Salt Lake stake is making every effort to be well prepared in the various wards for the care of the needy during the coming winter. The aim is to store provisions sufficient to carry on the regular charity work in the most efficient manner. Each ward is storing away canned fruit, jellies and jams, as well as sugar, flour and other groceries. One ward has already a supply of 60 quarts of fresh fruit, three dozen glasses of jelly and a dozen pint jars of jam. In addition this ward has purchased 100 bottles to be filled with peaches and tomatoes. Another ward has on hand 144 bottles to be filled with peaches and tomatoes. All of the wards in the stake are collecting fruit for the State Fair Exhibit. The Salt Lake stake board has put up 96 cups of jelly and 6 gallons of apple butter.

One ward has made a special effort to collect old clothing, which after it is cleaned and repaired will be folded away for future use.

After the public exhibit made by this stake is over, all the food supplies will be held for distribution to the needy in the coming hard winter season.

North Weber Stake.

The North Weber stake Society early in the season appointed a conservation committee with the leader of the Home Economics Society as chairman to oversee the canning of fruit and vegetables. This energetic chairman, Mrs. Florence M. Caine, secured from the U. S. Bureau of Agriculture, for distribution among the wards, 1000 copies each of the bulletins on home canning and home drying. Long before the fruit was ripe, talks were given in all the wards on the subjects of canning and drying fruits and vegetables, and samples of canned and dried fruits and vegetables were shown. Each ward purchased sugar, bottles

and glasses, and was ready for the fruit as soon as it was in season. The stake committee made an effort to provide fruit for all the wards. Societies located where fruit and vegetbles were abundant divided with others who had little or no fruit, the collection and distribution being made by the stake committee. The fruit put up by each society is the property of the individual society. The stake board was also energetic in the work and has succeeded in conserving 3,500 quarts for its emergency cupboard. Mrs. Caine is securing from the Government for fall helps, bulletins on the food value of fruits and vegetables and other varieties of foods.

Weber Stake.

The Weber stake Relief Society board is working in connection with the ward Societies in the matter of conserving food. Large quantities of fresh fruit have been canned and made into jam and jelly, and many quarts of corn and beans have been preserved. A special effort will be made to can tomatoes and to dry apples and peaches as soon as they are ready.

Portneuf Stake.

The Portneuf stake in Idaho reports that every family has planted a large kitchen garden and that eight out of ten of the wards have planted and are caring for from one to five acres of wheat or potatoes. In order to conserve all the products raised, each society has purchased a pressure cooker.

St. Joseph Stake.

During the food campaign the Relief Societies of the St. Joseph stake have received a great deal of assistance from the University of Arizona. Special lecturers from the University have given lectures and demonstrations in the various wards on the methods of canning, drying and preserving fruits under the direction of the stake board. Committees were appointed in each town whose duty it has been to look after the fallen and surplus fruit and the surplus vegetables and to see that nothing has been wasted. Careful records are being kept by the ward presidents, through the teachers, of the amount of food that is being preserved. Many of the members of this stake have raised spring gardens and are now planting winter gardens.

One of the members of the Relief Society organization has invented a fruit and vegetable dryer that has been highly commended by the State Conservation Committee and its use has been recommended throughout the State by this committee.

Thirteen of the seventeen wards of the St. Joseph stake have collected and sent through the stake board to the Red Cross war fund of Arizona $1,980.20. Appreciation for this large collection

was very gratefully expressed by the secretary of the Red Cross war fund.

Raft River Stake.

In the Raft River stake the women have been especially active in the growing of wheat. The following is a report of their activities along this line.

Stake Board	5 acres of wheat
Alma	5 acres of wheat, 1 acre of potatoes
Albion	5 acres of wheat
Grouse Creek	5 acres of wheat
Molton	5 acres of wheat

In the Albion ward the ground was plowed by the bishop and one of his couselors. It was harrowed by Relief Society officers, who also furnished a dinner for the brethren who had assisted them.

Fremont Stake.

The Lyman Relief Society of this stake collected under the direction of the stake officers 100% of their allottment for the Red Cross war fund.

Panguitch Stake.

The Centerville Relief Society has planted 1½ acres of corn, beans and squash, products of which will be dried.

Box Elder Stake.

During the summer, the Box Elder stake Relief Societies have been engaged in varied activities. There have been demonstrations and lectures in each ward on food and clothing conservation. Public canning days have been held. Each member of the Relief Society has been asked to furnish one or more bottles of fruit or vegetables for an emergency cupboard in each ward. Fruit drying parties are being held. Several Relief Society gardens of potatoes and beans have been planted. Each ward has had sewing meetings and made quilts, rugs, carpets and children's clothing, the material donated by the members. Forty-one quilts are now on hand. All the clean scraps of cloth too small for any other use have been saved to be made into mattresses.

Besides this work the soldier boys of the Box Elder Troop, Battery "C," and all those from the stake enlisted in other branches of war service have been fitted out with home-knitted stockings, mufflers, wristlets, etc. Each ward has done this work for its own boys. The yarn was spun especially in the home

Baron Woolen Mills at the reduced price of one dollar and thirty--five cents per pound and the sisters volunteered the knitting. Fruit is also being dried to send to the soldiers.

Alpine Stake.

American Fork. Under the direction of the stake president, Mrs. Annie C. Hindley, several of the wards in the Alpine stake have made a collection of shoes to be sent to France and Belgium. The shoes were repaired, polished and fitted up with new laces and buttons. Old tires from automobiles were utilized for new soles for the shoes. American Fork wards gathered 612 pairs, Lehi, 500 pairs, and Pleasant Grove, 200 pairs.

The Alpine stake is offering a $10 prize to the ward having the most dried fruit and vegetables and a $10 prize to the ward having the most fresh fruit and jam.

Pleasant Grove. The women of Pleasant Grove are very energetic in the matter of canning fruit. It is reported that many of the members in this locality will can from 500 to 900 quarts of fruit.

Union Stake.

The Relief Society women of the LaGrand ward are assisting the Red Cross in the making of surgical dressings. Twice a week one dozen members are to be found at the Red Cross headquarters and in connection with the young Mutual girls are busily engaged in this division of the work. In addition to this the Relief Societies are donating knitted goods, bed socks, towels, handkerchiefs, pajamas, etc.

The stake has called for 100 quarts of preserves, jams and jellies to be placed in the stake emergency cabinet.

North Davis Stake.

The women of North Davis stake have made a special effort to establish an exchange system, whereby all surplus fruits and vegetables might be cared for. Those who have offered fruit for the use of the stake have reported to the officers and announcements have been made in the public meetings. In many instances fruit was to be had for the picking. The county agent has given food demonstrations, of which the demonstration on cottage cheese is probably the most interesting.

South Davis Stake.

The Relief Society members of the South Davis stake have indicated their willingness to swell the wheat fund by making a donation for this purpose of all Sunday eggs. In addition

to the canning of fruit and vegetables this stake is drying large quantities of sweet corn.

Reorganizations.

Raft River Stake. At the Relief Society conference held in Raft River stake, September 18th and 19th, a reorganization took place. Mrs. Lucy Ames who acted as stake president since this stake was first organized several years ago, resigned her position on account of change of residence. Mrs. Ames has worked very diligently and conscientiously in this new stake and has laid a good foundation for future growth. The following are the new stake officers: President, Mrs. Celia Harper, Albion, Idaho; 1st counselor, Mrs. Ida J. Romans; 2nd counselor, Mrs. Helen A. Broadhead; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Maud L. Jones.

Millard Stake. The Millard stake Relief Society was reorganized at the recent stake conference. Mrs. Adeline B. Smith, who had handed in her resignation was honorably released. Mrs. Smith and her officers were praised for their faithfulness and for the efforts they had put forth for improvement in Relief Society work. Mrs. Susan Thompson, of Scipio, was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. Smith. She chose for her counselors, Mrs. Edna Poulson and Mrs. Flora Fisher. Mrs. Thompson has for a number of years had charge of the genealogical work in Millard stake Relief Society and is known to Relief Society workers as being most capable and energetic.

THE NEW AMERICAN WAR SONG

By Mrs. Lucy A. Clark is arranged for both women's and boys' voices. It is very popular and can be used in our Relief Society choirs.

LINES

Maud Baggarley.

Say thou thy kindest words every day!
See but the blue beyond the clouds of gray!
Be not a hireling on the earth,
But dignify thy place
And justify thy birth.
Dream dreams, but make them come true;
Reach out for thy heart's desire,
It is waiting for you!

Home Science Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

CONSERVATION AND CITY WAR GARDENS.

The war garden movement not only affects the people of Utah, but it is very far-reaching in its scope, as we feel that in every state where our Latter-day Saint women are organized into Relief Societies, our method of home-gardening, introduced four years ago, in this department, has laid the strong foundation for this work. We had the right inspiration.

It did not require the declaration of war in the United States, however, to interest our sisters in economy and conservation. Since 1913 especially, the Relief Society has operated this department for the encouragement of this very practical and economic side of home-life. We know, before the United States Governemnt asked the people to take up this question, that there was too much waste land in every city and village, that the people were not producing enough, that families as individuals, were depending upon someone else to supply them with the foodstuffs which they, themselves, should be producing.

MRS. HYDE'S GARDEN ON THE CITY STREET.

We opened up a department in the first issue of the Relief Society Bulletin, known as Home Garden Work, and have kept this department, in connection with the Home Economic Work, ever since, having lessons written on the methods of fertilizing, seasons for planting, kinds of seeds to plant, etc. In fact, we specialized on every necessary detail for the success of carrying out these garden suggestions. The only difference in the projects undertaken by the Relief Society and the projects undertaken by the Government is that we not only utilized the space of the home garden hitherto uncultivated, but in many instances have encroached upon the spaces used by the city for parking.

I have been asked by the Editor to write an account of my own experiences. In the early spring of the past season, the curb-

MRS. HYDE'S GARDEN.

ing around my home, which is on a sloping hillside, and is 15 feet wide, had just been finished by the city. We, therefore, decided that the parking property could be used to good advantage, and we decided to plant such vegetables as we felt would mature in a rather shady place, and would help to feed our family during the winter. We began immediately saving the eyes from the potatoes which were used by the family in the kitchen, thus conserving all of the potato. We, however, were not fortunate in using enough potatoes to furnish the seed for planting this particular piece of ground which is 2 by 5 rods. We purchased from the city seed department $2.10 worth of extra potato seed. This was planted, leaving a small space of 2 rods square on this same curbing for string beans. Our potatoes, from all indications, will yield about 15 bushels. The beans produced proved enough for our summer use.

This land would have been put into lawn, which would have required extra water and care, with no results as to conservation of food. As it is, we will have sufficient potatoes for our winter use, and already have had sufficient beans for our table for the summer season.

In the little back kitchen garden, size 2¼ rods by 2 rods, (which we have always cultivated, but not with the success we have had this year) we have been able to raise enough fresh early vegetables for our family of five, besides giving us 10 quarts of very delicious young beets which have been put up for our winter use; also three quarts of carrots, besides having all the early carrots and beets we could possibly consume.

We planted a very fine variety of peas, turnips, radishes, onions, which was ample for our consumption during their productive season. As soon as the radishes were exhausted, the

MRS. HYDE'S GARDEN.

ground was fertilized, and sugar beets were put in their place. These will furnish later beets for table use, as well as supplying more for winter use.

We have, always, in the kitchen garden, a bed of mint under the water tap near the foundation of the house, a nice bed of parsley, which not only supplies us for our use in cookery, but furnishes three other families as well. We have planted several bunches of English chives, which are so delicious for soup and gravies; five bunches of rhubarb, one row of sweet dill for pickles and flavorings, as well as several nice bunches of horse radish. Then, too, we keep a number of bunches of sage and summer savory. Five of these are permanently grown in our kitchen garden.

After the general planting in the form of early vegetables was completed, we still desired a space for cucumbers, but owing

to the obstruction of the rays of the sun, we found the space we had left was very unfavorable. Hence we devised cucumber boxes which were set upon rocks and filled with sandy fertilized soil. In these we planted our seed, which later developed into wonderfully productive plants. From the box, we transplanted several vines in the space that had been occupied by onions, one of which grew and contain at one time, twenty small cucumbers. We will have all of the pickling cucumbers for our winter's supply of pickles from the producing vines in the open boxes. We really feel that this project was worth while.

We gave our young son, who is eleven years of age, the task of watering and caring for the garden, allowing him the proceeds from the same, and up to date, in his own method of accounting, he has sold the family $8.00 worth of garden supplies. This does not include the potatoes, as the potatoes have not yet been harvested, and we are leaving them for the winter's use.

In addition to our regular garden which was maintained this year, we keep four laying hens, using the parings and refuse from the vegetables as part of their regular food. Then, too, we have one row in the kitchen garden of the old-fashioned marigolds which has kept our dining-room table supplied for the summer with flowers, and will furnish packages of seeds for friends and replanting next year.

The illustrations and cuts, as shown in this article, are reproduced from the garden in its growing season. We feel that the results obtained from this small space are worth enumerating for the benefit of those who feel that city kitchen gardening is not worth while.

The benefit to be derived from such a project is, in the first place, educational to the family, it is productive of thrift, and in a measure uses up the surplus energy of young children. It also creates a very pleasant addition for the family table; it stimulates a desire in children to want to be producers. It furnishes the family with plenty of fresh garden vegetables; it uses up the waste space that would otherwise be unsightly and filled with weeds; and above all, it creates a desire to give to the world something that would otherwise be waste and destruction. It creates a desire to conserve that which is so necessary to sustain life.

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

AMERICAN TROOPS being trained in France are practically ready to take a place on the fighting line.

GERMAN air raids over England continued during August, and early September with serious results.

THE STATE of Utah has bought an expensive automobile for its Governor to ride in.

Moscow is to be the new capital of Russia, or of at least that portion of it which may remain intact after the war.

DRAFTING of young married men for the army has raised a serious question in the United States, by reason of its effect on the future population.

CHINA has declared war against Germany. This is favorable to the United States, as China's resources affect the Asiatic campaign.

JAMES ROWAN, district secretary of the I. W. W., called a general strike in several Northwestern States, in August, to hamper the government; he was arrested, and the strike failed to materialize.

AERIAL ATTACKS by the Entente Allies upon German troops and bases are becoming more and more an important item of the active warfare now in progress in Europe.

THE FRENCH at last have succeeded in driving the Germans back to the line where the latter were before they began the great drive against Verdun, in February, 1916.

THE GERMANS made great headway against the Russians in August, the Russian soldiers retiring precipitately in many places, without an effort at defending their country. In early September the Germans took Riga, the Baltic port.

WOMEN in Turkey are being called to office positions and as telephone operators. The world moves, even in Turkey, when war compels.

ARMED RESISTANCE IN OKLAHOMA, against the workings of the draft law was suppressed quickly by the government, through the arrest of about 250 of the objectors; several were killed in making the arrests.

THE NATIONAL GUARD of the several States was mustered into the Federal service on August 5, making an immense army.

ITALY gained notable victories over the Austrians in the last week of August, securing that part of Austria where the chief population is Italian.

EMPRESS EUGENIE, though past 90 years of age, takes an intense interest in the great war in France, and anticipates that she will see her country again in possession of Alsace and Lorraine, lost when her husband was overthrown as emperor of France.

AUSTRIA is now the weakest of the Teutonic powers in the way of desiring peace and willingness to make concessions therefor, but is held back by Germany's inflexible desire to fight to a finish.

LIBERIA, though a small nation, is important in its declaration of war against Germany, as this will eliminate the little republic as a base of supplies for the Teutons, which it has been for some time.

MINISTER A. F. KERENSKY, though made ostensible dictator in Russia, yet is unable to command the adherence of the various factions to the extent of a virile unification of the nation, hence the latter continually faces crises threatening the national existence.

LIQUOR to the amount of $25,000 in value was hidden in a garden in Salt Lake City, and was unearthed by the police after the prohibition law went into effect. Verily the way of the lawbreaker sometimes is expensive.

"LOOT JERUSALEM" is the motto of the present Turkish regime in Syria, which also is driving the Jews from Palestine. This will aid in hastening the overthrow of the "terrible Turk" in that land.

MATELESS WOMEN is a situation after the war which is greatly agitating some sections of society. The Prophet Isaiah had something to say on that subject concerning these times.

THE FASHION ART LEAGUE in Chicago has decreed that hereafter half-hose shall be the style for ladies' silk hose, with no ribbons or laces for certain undergarments, which are to be of bright colors.

RUSSIA has become a negative factor in the war, so far as the Entente Allies are concerned, and seems destined to disintegration. The Socialism in control there is proving incapable of the task of unifying the people even for successful self-defense against German aggression.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT in the great war in Europe, France, Great Britain and Italy scored notable successes during August, against their Teutonic foes, but the battle-lines still are tensely drawn for another year's campaign.

GERMANY'S food supply is alternately reported to be sufficient and exhausted. It probably is neither, for the kaiser had laid in a good supply of grain as well as of munitions of war, but the conflict is lasting longer than he anticipated.

THE SUBMARINE menace from Germany grows less in magnitude with each succeeding month, owing to the efficiency of the destroyer service from the British, French and American fleets.

TROUSERS are now officially authenticated as a proper costume for women, according to fashion authorities. It is to be hoped the garment worn will not be the inelegant pair of parallel cylinders with peg-top variation as worn by men of fashion.

TWENTY-ONE of the forty-two nations of the world are formally at war, seven others have broken off relations with Germany, and the remaining fourteen are sufferers from the war, as this affects foodstuffs and other necessary supplies that are articles of commerce.

NEGRO TROOPS of the 24th U. S. infantry engaged in a race riot at Houston, Texas, in August, in which 17 persons, mostly white people, were killed. The quartering of negro troops where there is any considerable colored population, especially in the South, always has proved a costly mistake.

PRUSSIANIZING AMERICA to democratize Germany is a fear which is being expressed frequently in the United States as a result of the unusual powers of control which Congress is placing in the hands of a few prominent men. Time must tell whether these powers are exercised righteously.

WASHINGTON officials now admit that for a long time previous to January, 1917, this government knew of Germany's purpose to attack the United States if successful in defeating France and Great Britain. Yet 1917 found this country in a state of absolute unpreparedness for such an event.

GASOLINE conservation is to be effected by reducing the amount of automobile "joyriding," if government has its way; conservation of human life and safety also would be effected thereby, since many "accidents" are due to recklessness of the "joyriders."

MESOPOTAMIA, the great overland route to central Asia in the Old World until after Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape, is likely to be revived, this time as the route for Great Britain from Alexandretta to India; hence the political and commercial importance of relieving it from Turkish or German domination as revealed since the war began.

CONTROL of the great material interests of the United States such as transportation, fuel, food, and important manufactures, is now centered in the national administration at Washington—a condition which, as a virtual substitution of autocracy for democracy in this country, would have shocked and even appalled the entire nation if seriously proposed half-a-dozen years since.

THE PEACE PROPOSAL of the Pope was decidedly adverse to France and England in that it would establish a virtual Teutonic empire from the Rhine to the Persian Gulf, and leave the way open for another aggressive war by Germany, to crush France and menace or destroy Great Britain. This fact made certain the rejection of the proposal by the Entente Allies.

IN SALT LAKE CITY, the street railway asked for an increase of practically 25% to 50% in fares, owing to the increased cost of operation. The people objected on the ground that their expenses, too, had advanced, and to increase the carfare would be putting the whole burden on the class which could least afford it. Thus the question was submitted to the State public utilities commission to determine.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REPLY declining the terms of peace proposed by the Pope, on the ground that the word of the present German government without the expressed covenant of the whole German people could not be trusted, is probably the strongest and most pointedly worded document yet issued by the President, and goes to the heart of the matter.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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ARE YOU CONSERVING YOURSELF?

The Nation's Most Valuable Asset

The most valuable piece of property this nation possesses today is You, yourself. The most costly sacrifice which could be made would be your loss of health or life. The most precious gift you can turn over at your country's call is your vigorous service in your home, first; in the Relief Society, and Temple, next; and then in ways of conservation and what public service you can render, after the demands made upon you by home and Relief Society are satisfied. No woman will help the war cause if she neglect her children or her home. No woman will aid the nation by neglecting her regular contributions to the needy in this Society, nor by attending war charity meetings when she has to stay away from Relief Society meetings to do it. And over and above all these—no woman will be justified before God, angels, or men, who crowds herself daily to the breaking point and beyond it, no matter how good her motive, nor how unselfish the labor she may be engaged in. The Father of our spirits is also custodian of our bodies, and He will hold us to strict account if we knowingly and deliberately shorten our days or make invalids of ourselves for others to nurse. We have just so much time, strength, and nerve force; it is our duty to wisely administer those resources.

Do What You Can, and What You Can't Do, Don't Do!

"Yes, but," says one, "I am a leading officer in the Relief Society, and Mr. Hoover tells us we must do this, the State Council wants us to do that, and what am I to do?" Bless your soul, the great cities of this nation are crowded with childless women, women of means and ability for everything but real wifehood and real motherhood. Take it from me, the woman who has a home to keep, a husband, and a family of children on her hands, is doing quite all that the heavens and the earth ought to require of her. True, she may possess rare executive ability—she has to if she is a successful home-maker—and would enjoy using it in public office, and her heart may be torn with sympathy and longing to help when she reads the harrowing calls from the press, but, be at peace, Mother, you will do your full duty if you guard and guide your little ones and make home a haven of rest for husband and family. Let the army of childless women do the work for the army of hungry soldiers. There's enough of them. It was said in Washington that a man was not to be exempted who had been married three years and was still childless. What a Daniel came to judgment there!

Fool Advice!

The floods of advice that are loosed upon our helpless heads, by writers who are paid to say things but whose experience is limited to a ten-foot flat-bedroom, would make a farmer's cat laugh. The farmers are harrangued, belabored and appealed to, to save the nation in this hour of stress. As a matter of cold facts, the farmer's boys and hired men are drafted into the army, his wife and daughters are working twenty hours a day to can vegetables, fruit, or to dry it, while they are trotted to meetings and exhibits and demonstrations till their minds and bodies are in the same state of collapse which hovers over the overworked farmer's head. No one need worry. High prices make us all economize. Meanwhile, the flat-dwellers in the city—nonproducers every one of them, howl hysterically for the farmer to save the nation. Oh, that Mr. Hoover would send the space-writers to can the beans, and the clerks to hoe the corn!

Extravagant Economy.

Another amusing phase of this serious conservation question is the reams of recipes just out by popular magazines to "save bread" and other things. A late popular magazine gives a page of stale-bread recipes which call for eggs at 55c doz., molasses at 75c qt., sugar at 12c lb., milk at 15c qt., cream at 60c qt., and jelly at 40c a glass, butter at 60c lb., with which to use up a cup or more of stale bread crumbs. Nice economical advice that! While nuts, cracked pecans, at $1.00 lb., in various ways are suggested to take the place of 15c worth

of hamburger steak. This is the day of the faddist and theorist. Still another piece of senseless advice to us out here in Utah is to have meatless days. Why, we have meatless months! Then they talk of breadless days! Gracious, don't they know that rice and potatoes, as well as corn meal, are twice as expensive when it comes to satisfying hungry men and children! How can you get people to buy rice when they grow flour twice as cheaply? The magazines give pages of economy menus that make plain livers gasp because of their gross extravagance. When one observes the wicked waste of cafeterias, hotels, and eating-houses, one wonders why Hoover does not tackle the real source of waste. Hotels throw out and burn more than would feed the people of all the homes in the city. It is to laugh!

Our Duty to God, to Home, to the Relief Society, to our Country and to Ourselves.

What shall we do about all these matters, mothers and grandmothers? Try to have every one eat all that is taken on the plate. Be careful to use every possible bit of food material. Don't burn bread or any foods in cooking them—this is the worst economical sin in the dietician's decalogue. Do a little more patching. Make the old clothes last a little longer. Teach the children true economy. Don't serve too much variety at any one meal. Where you have to buy milk, make gruel for children, to cut down expense. But don't rob yourself nor your family of plenty of good, nourishing food. People who work hard need to eat well. Comfort and cheer your husbands in this difficult period. Be quiet and calm in your feelings, and do a little temple or genealogical work each week. Attend faithfully to your prayers, pay your tithing and keep the Word of Wisdom. When you can get out to assist in all this war work without overtaxing yourself or neglecting your home, do so. But above all things, cultivate poise, balance, peace and calmness. This is our highest duty to God, to our loved ones to our country and to ourselves.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE SHELLEYS OF GEORGIA.

Old timers in Utah will recall the name of James A. McKnight, or, as he was known among the pioneer boys, "Jim McKnight." Mr. McKnight, who is a nephew of President Brigham Young, drifted away from the Church and his people in early manhood. He settled in Georgia, where he has married

twice and raised a vigorous family of children. One of his sons is now in the war.

In collaboration with his cousin, Beatrice York Houghton, he has written a remarkable story of modern conditions in the South. While there is no startling episode and the plot is conventional, yet the reader's attention is held closely and many vivid pen pictures enliven its pages. "The Shelleys of Georgia" is a strong novel of the South, by the South, through Southern aid and inspiration, but for every reader who enjoys a story of real men and women. It is dominated by "Captain Gabe" Shelley, representing the best of the Southern progressive element, and centers in the love affairs of his beautiful daughter, Rose, a very human heroine, and correspondingly loveable in every one of her many moods. Through the love story, with many conflicting elements in which varying moral standards are fearlessly held up for inspection, there runs a thread of fine philanthropy which culminates unexpectedly. No latter-day problem is dwelt upon as such, yet there is scarcely one that cannot be regarded in a clearer and fairer light after reading this thoroughly human story in which healthy and often really humorous optimism is ever present, even in situations that would leave weaker natures hopeless. Something worth while is said or done in every chapter, and the whole story passes swiftly to a climax of intense dramatic power.

The remarkable feature of the book is indeed the fact that the single standard of virtue is held up with constant strength and deliberate purpose. Associated with this is the modern method of treating villains by reforming them. The manner of that reformation constitutes the plot of the book. It is indeed a pleasure to find a modern novel which can be whole-heartedly recommended for reading in the family circle,and we cheerfully advise our readers who are fond of a good story and a thoroughly good moral to read this book. The author himself says in a private letter to his Utah friends that his convictions on the point of a single standard of morals are due to some of the early teachings which he imbibed among the "Mormons."

CHURCH SCHOOLS.

There was never a time in which our young people more needed good educational advantages than in this period of flux and change. But give that education in the Church schools, parents, where the spirit is electrified by gospel teachings, while the mind is taught useful knowledge. Learn all you can, but learn it from the sources of truth and righteousness.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

First Week In November.

THE NEW TESTAMENT TIMES.

(Readings: Luke 1:46-56; John 12:1-19.)

From the fact that Jesus lived a mortal life in the flesh during the first years of the Christian era, the New Testament times will always have a fascination for those who believe in Him and accept His teachings. Thus far in these lessons we have studied the lives of the two women who lived in those days —Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and Mary, the mother of our Savior. To give anything of a clear and entertaining, not to speak of a complete, account of those times and conditions requires considerable space. We shall therefore devote this and the following lesson to the one topic, taking different aspects in each.

Let us suppose, for the sake of clearness and interest, that you are living at the time of these women in the land of Palestine. What would be the manner of your birth? Into what kind of home would you make your appearance? What things would you see from then till you died? what education receive? what religious training given? what occupations have?

Months before you came into the world you would, of course, be "expected". And a great deal would be made by your friends as well as by yourself of that expectation. Very likely your mother would have been exceedingly anxious on the question of her having children. For was not the last thing said to her by her mother before all the wedding guests, "May you be the mother of thousands!" And was she not taught to believe that to be "barren" was to experience the disfavor of the Lord? Maybe she would have "wrestled in prayer" over the matter so as to remove that possible disfavor. Not improbably she fasted as well as prayed. Your mother would be no more inclined to hide the signs of the approaching event than a young woman nowadays is to conceal her engagement ring. Indeed, some of her friends might have seriously consulted the stars in order to determine whether you were to be a boy or a girl.

If you had been a "man-child," you would have been accounted by every one, especially by your father, as more desirable,

and troops of friends would have come into the house, even on the day of your birth, bringing presents for you and congratulations for your parents on account of the divine gift to them. But being only a girl not so much fuss would be made over your arrival.

The first treatment accorded you would be to swaddle you, not in swaddling "clothes," as our version of the Bible improperly puts it. As a preliminary, however, you would be washed by the mid-wife in tepid water and rubbed with pulverized salt. Then you would be sprinkled with *rehan,* "a powder made of dried myrtle leaves." After that the swaddling bands would be applied. "The swaddle," says one who himself was swaddled, "is a piece of stout cloth a yard square, to one corner of which is attached a long narrow band. The infant, with its arms pressed close to its sides, and its feet stretched full length and laid close together, is wrapped in the swaddle, and the narrow band wound around the little body, from the shoulders to the ankles, giving the little one the exact appearance of an Egyptian mummy." And this writer goes on to say that "only a few of the good things of this mortal life were more pleasant to me when I was a boy than to carry in my arms a swaddled babe. The 'salted' and 'peppered' little creature felt so soft and so light, and was so appealingly helpless, that to cuddle it was to me an unspeakable benediction." To say of you that you had not been "salted" would be the same as to say that no one knew who your father was. This is why it was such a terrible thing for the ancient prophet to say of apostate Israel, "Thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all."

Having been thus safely born and "salted," your next task would be to grow up.

You would not even think of disobeying your parents, as American children so often do. With us obedience to parents is merely a social obligation, if it is proper to call it an obligation at all. But with the Jews it was not only a social grace, but a religious duty as well. You would be carefully impressed with the fact that God commands you to obey your father and mother. The displeasure of your parents you would fear as much as you would the wrath of God. Such unquestioned filial obedience as this may have put a damper on the spirit of progress among Oriental peoples, but at least it has conserved the primitive virtues among them and preserved the cohesion of the social group.

You would be reared in a religious asmosphere of which Americans do not even dream. The main idea in your life would be not the shop or the factory or even dress, but God and your own soul. Your mother when she made bread would ask God to bless what she did. Your very speech every day would be a reminder of the religious life. Instead of saying, in answer to a

question, "I am doing well at present," you would say rather, "God is giving bounteously." When you were about to go on a journey your friends would not say, "Take good care of yourself," but "Go, in the keeping and protection of God." You would salute your friends with "God grant you good morning" or "The peace of God come upon you." Your father would say to the day laborer, "God give you health and strength," and to those who gathered the increase of the vineyard, "The Lord be with you." Even if you wished to know the nature of anything, you would ask, "What is its religion?" Sometimes you would even speak of water as an "infidel." Thus religion would be your daily speech, not as in other countries and other times a Sunday speech.

Most of your life you would spend out of doors. Not that your parents would not have a house. But the house would be used merely as a shelter or refuge from storms. The phrase that spoke of God as a "shelter" or "refuge" would be very significant to you in your Oriental home. Your real home would be on the house-top. This was made for the purpose of being lived on. It would consist of strong beams laid across from one side to the other at a distance of about two or three feet apart, with poles close together over them. These poles would be covered with branches and about twelve inches of earth, rolled hard so as to shed the rain. On this you would sleep, on this you would do much of your eating, on this your father and mother would often pray, and on this the trader would cry out his wares, the "town-crier" shout out his message, and the neighbors call to one another. You would not need to have Christ's words explained to you in which he spoke of the suddenness of his second coming, "Let not those who are on the house-top come down," nor those other words in which he declared that our secret sins would be proclaimed from the house-top.

Doubtless you would take great delight in watching the process by which flour was turned into bread. You would see your mother get the flour from the bottom of the earthen barrel in which it was kept, place the flour on one side of the kneading board, with the kneading bowl filled with warm water in which salt had been dissolved. You would watch her as with a "God bless you!" she took out the leaven, a lump of dough which she had kept from the former baking and which she had preserved by burying in flour, dissolve it in the salt water, and literally "hid" it in the measure of flour. After the dough had risen it was made into small loaves, and these your mother took to the public baker's, you probably accompanying her to see what happened. The "oven," as it is called in our English Bible, is "a huge earthen tube about three feet in diameter and about five feet long; it is sunk in the ground within a small, roughly con-

structed hut. Not a dozen loaves would your mother bake, but a hundred or two. For a large baking is a matter of pride as well as a means of security. It may be that your mother has the oven all to herself for a whole day. You would readily understand the passage in Leviticus, "When I have broken the staff of your bread, ten women shall bake your bread in one oven, and they shall deliver you your bread again by weight." For not to be able to have a large baking, or to have such a small baking that ten women could use the oven the same day, would be a positive curse. You would also get the full significance, as you looked upon the "billows of black smoke, pierced at intervals by tongues of flame issuing from the deep hole" of the chimneyless hut, of those words of Malachi, "Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven," and those other words of Jesus about "the grass which today is in the field and tomorrow is cast into the oven." For the fire was fed with large quantities of tree branches, thistles, and straw.

You would know what it is to be hospitable in a way that has never dawned upon the mind of the average Westerner. All invitations would be given in your father's name, or, in case your father was dead, in the name of some other connected male. Instead of your father saying to a stranger merely, "I should like to have you dine with me," as an American would be apt to do, you would perhaps hear a conversation something like the following:

Father: Ennoble me with your presence.

Stranger: I would be ennobled, but I cannot accept.

Father: That cannot be.

Stranger: Yea, yea, it must be.

Father: No, I swear against you by our friendship and by the life of God. I love to acquaint you with my bread and salt.

Stranger: I swear also that I find it impossible to accept. Your bread and salt are known to all.

Father: Yea, do it just for our own good. By coming to us you come to your own house. Let us repay your bounty to us.

Stranger: By the mercy of God, I have not bestowed any bounty upon you worth mentioning.

And the conversation would most likely end by your father seizing the stranger and literally pulling him into the house, with the words, "I will not let you go!"

Thus the parable in the New Testament would not be a dark saying to you: "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many * * * And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in, that my house may be filled."

QUESTIONS.

1. Why is it necessary to know something about the customs of the Israelites before we can understand the Bible?
2. What is meant by swaddling an infant?
3. What was done as a preliminary to swaddling?
4. Contrast obedience to parents then and now. Do you think the custom of the Israelites in this respect or ours the better? Why?
5. Tell about the religious atmosphere of those days.
6. Give the significance of the house-top in New Testament times. Describe the process of baking then.

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Literature.

THIRD WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

COLONIZATION FROM BABEL.

(Note.—Our modern geographies and histories group the human family according to physical features, such as a cross-section shape of the hair, complexion, and shape of the skull, as to whether it is relatively long or broad. But the ethnologists' classification is unsuited to our genealogical work (e. g. see I Nephi 2:23 and II Nephi 5:21, 22 for Indian's complexion). We generally look up our lineage. For that reason we need to seek out those histories which treat of peoples from a genealogical point of view. Of all historians those who have understood, more or less, the purposes of the God of Israel have given best place to the lineal historical account. We therefore are compelled to hold somewhat close to the standard church works.)

In our last lesson we pointed to traits and institutions of the Teutonic peoples which strongly indicate that they are of the lost tribes of Israel. This places us in a position by which we can identify them with their ancestors in the house of Noah, namely, Shem (See Genesis 11:10-26 and Matt. 1:2).

Let us bear in mind that modern revelation teaches us that antediluvian civilization, which was the heritage of the family of

Noah was developed upon what we now call the American continent (See Doc. and Cov. 116 and 107:53).

For the ancestry of Noah see Doc. and Cov. 107:41-52; Genesis 5:1-32.

It is with the descendants of Noah that our brief historical introduction is principally concerned, and for this we begin with the period from the Flood to the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. This latter event took place about 2200 B. C., and about 150 years (some say 300 years) after the Flood. In Ether 1:33 we read, "Jared came forth with his brethren and their families, with some others and their families, from the great Tower, at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people, and swear in his wrath that they should be scattered upon all the face of the earth; and according to the word of the Lord the people were scattered (See Gen. 11:1-9).

The central fact here is that the people were scattered from the locality of the valley of the Tigris-Euphrates river valley. And when they begin to write their own histories we find them, generally speaking, in somewhat independent city-states. Then follows a period of conquest and growth into kingdoms, and empires, and here and there a nation.

The important question for this lesson is, To what part of the earth did the descendants of the three sons of Noah migrate? The reasons for the migrations and the directions of colonization are interestingly told by Josephus in his *Antiquities of the Jews*, chapters IV and V, Book I:

"The sons of Noah were three, Shem, Japhet, and Ham, born one hundred years before the deluge. These first of all descended from the mountains into the plains, and fixed their habitation there and persuaded others, who were greatly afraid of the lower grounds on account of the flood, and so were very loth to come down from the higher places, to venture to follow their example. Now the plain in which they first dwelt was called Shinar. God also commanded them to send colonies abroad, for the thorough peopling of the earth, that they might not raise seditions among themselves, but might cultivate a great part of the earth, and enjoy its fruits after a plentiful manner; but they were so ill-instructed, that they did not obey God, for which reason they fell into calamities, and were made sensible by experience of what sin they had been guilty of; for when they flourished with a numerous youth, God admonished them again to send out colonies; but they, imagining that the prosperity they enjoyed was not derived from the favor of God, but supposing that their own power was the proper cause of the plentiful condition they were in, did not obey him. Nay, they added to this disobedience to the divine will, the suspicion that they were ordered to send out separate

colonies, that, being divided asunder, they might the more easily be oppressed.

"Now it was Nimrod who excited them to such an affront and contempt of God; he was the grandson of Ham, the son of Noah, a bold man, and of great strength of hand. He persuaded them not to ascribe it to God, as if it were through his means that they were happy, but to believe that it was their own courage that procured that happiness. He also gradually changed the government into tyranny, seeing no other method turning men from the fear of God, but to bring them into a constant dependence on his own power. He also said, "He would be revenged on God, if he should have a mind to drown the world again; for that he would build a tower too high for the waters to be able to reach, and that he would avenge himself on God for destroying their forefathers.

"Now the multitude were very ready to follow the determination of Nimrod, and to esteem it a piece of cowardice to submit to God; and they built a tower, neither sparing any pains, nor being at any degree negligent about the work; and by reason of the multitude of hands employed in it, it grew very high sooner than any one could expect, but the thickness of it was so great, and it was so strongly built, that thereby its great height seemed, upon view, to be less than it really was. It was built of burnt brick, cemented together with mortar, made of bitumen, that it might not be liable to admit water. When God saw them acting so madly, he did not resolve to destroy them utterly, since they were not grown wiser by the destruction of the former sinners, but he caused a tumult among them by producing in them divers languages, and causing that through the multitude of those languages, they should not be able to understand one another. The place wherein they built the tower is now called Babylon, because of the confusion of that language which they readily understood before, for the Hebrew means by the word Babel, confusion. The Sibyl* also makes mention of the tower, and of the confusion of the language, when she says thus: 'When all men were of one language, some of them built an high tower, as if they would thereby ascend to heaven, but the gods sent storms of wind, and overthrew the tower, and gave every one his peculiar language; and for this reason it was that the city was called Babylon.' But as to the plain of Shinar, in the country of Babylonia, Hestiaeus mentions it when he says, 'Such of the priests as were saved took the sacred vessels of Jupiter Enyalius, and came to Shinar or Babylonia.'

"After this they were dispersed abroad on account of the difference of their language, and went out by colonies every-

*The Sibylline books were a sort of bible of the Romans.

where; and each colony took possession of that land unto which God led them, so that the whole continent was filled with them, both the inland and the maritime countries. There were some also who passed over the sea in ships, and inhabitated the islands; and some of those nations still retain the denominations which were given them by their first founders, but some have lost them, and some have only admitted certain changes in them, that they might be more intelligible to the inhabitants; and they were the Greeks who became the authors of such mutations; for when, in after ages they grew potent, they claimed to themselves the story of antiquity, giving names to the nations that sounded well in Greek, that they might be better understood among themselves, and setting agreeable forms of government over them, as if they were a people derived from themselves."

For the colonization of America, we read in Ether 1:40-43: "And it came to pass that the Lord did hear the brother of Jared, and had compassion upon him, and said unto him, Go to and gather together thy flocks, both male and female of every kind; and also the seed of the earth of every kind, and thy families; and also Jared thy brother and his family; and also thy friends, and their families, and the friends of Jared and their families. And when thou hast done this, thou shalt go at the head of them down into the valley, which is northward. And there will I meet thee, and I will go before thee into a land which is choice above all the lands of the earth. And there will I bless thee and thy seed and raise up unto me of thy seed, and of the seed of thy brother, and they who shall go with thee, a great nation. And there shall be none greater than the nation which I will raise up unto me of thy seed, upon all the face of the earth. And thus I will do unto thee because this long time ye have cried unto me."

The Lord brought this colony upon the western coast of North America.

For the colonization of Europe, Asia, and Africa, from Babel, in a general, loose way, for mental classification, we may say Japheth's descendants colonize Europe; Shem's, Asia; and Ham's, Africa. But there are noteworthy exceptions. The basis for this classification in colonization is the Bible and Josephus (See Gen. 10, and Josephus *Antiquities of the Jews,* Book I, Chapter VI.

In a general way Europe was colonized from the northern shores of the Mediterranean sea by the descendants of Japheth, and the expansion was towards the north and northwest. Their chief exceptions referred to above are that Asia Minor (excepting Lydia and Armenia) Media and the land of the Scythians were peopled by Japhetic lineage. Shem's descendants located in the Tigris-Euphrates valleys, Syria, Lydia, Armenia, Persia, and Bactria. The children of Ham in the Nile river valley (see Book of Abraham 1:21-23) and northern Africa, the chief exception to

these being that they were also located on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean in Phoenicia, Palestine, and at Babel.

We must not entertain the thought that there were great walls separating these peoples, for there was constant intermingling as we see in Rebekah's complaint later on, to Isaac concerning Jacob and the daughters of Heth (Gen. 27:46 and 1:15). Our aim is to acquire a general classified view, though indefinitely defined.

In the discussion of this lesson there should be a map of the world before the members of the organization.

QUESTIONS.

Where was the antediluvian civilization, which was the social inheritance of the family of Noah, developed?

During what period of time? (See Doc. and Cov. Lectures on Faith II).

In a general way, who colonized the American and the Old World continents from Babel?

About when did this period of colonization begin?

Who first moved into the plains?

Why were the people scattered abroad?

(Cite authorities in answering the above questions.)

LITERATURE

THIRD WEEK IN SEPTEMBER.

STORIES FROM SCRIPTURE.

"Back to the Bible" is one of the stirring calls in these trying days. Why? Because the Bible is the Book of books. Within its pages are found the truths of life plainly told and vividly pictured with the choicest of stories. Every home should know the Bible; every father should make it a companion, a binding link between him and his children, and every mother should make its stories a means of inculcating the gospel in the hearts of her little ones. It is not enough to trust this work to the Sabbath school or other organizations. We should have a scripture story hour frequently in every home.

This does not mean that every story in the good book should be given indiscriminately to children. Some stories from scripture cannot be undedstood by the immature child. But there are many stories which are within his grasp. Such tales should be read for his delight and his development.

The story of Joseph has been referred to in these lessons before as one of the master stories in all literature. It may be read again and again with never failing charm. Its pictures of the Patriarch Jacob, with his family in their nomadic life, and its following of the fortunes of the pure-minded boy Joseph in his

rise from the position of servant to that of prime minister of the great nation of Egypt, wherein he fulfills the dreams of his boyhood, all make a story so dramatic in its appeal as to hold both young and old.

The story of Moses is likewise full of interest. Think of the stirring situation that makes the beginning of this tale: The babes of the Israelites are to be slain. To save her boy, the mother of Moses is inspired to set him afloat in an ark of rushes on the Nile where the princess is wont to bathe. This queenly woman comes, and sees the child. Her heart is touched. She takes the dimpled babe for her own; the little maid in waiting is sent to find a Hebrew nurse, and the child's own mother is brought to rear her own son in the palace of the Pharaoh. Moses is brought up as an Egyptian prince, schooled in all the learning of that people; but his heart is trained by his mother. She holds him in the path of righteousness against all the allurements and the teachings of the worldly-minded Egypt. He rises to be the great leader of his oppressed people, the mighty lawgiver to chosen Israel, delivering them from bondage and restoring them to the Land of Promise.

This is a story which should be heard often in our homes. It ought to be a constant source of sweet comfort and inspiration to our Latter-day Saint mothers. Their teachings born of love are often far more powerful to hold the hearts of their children true to the faith than they may imagine.

The story of Abraham and Isaac carries also a deep and abiding lesson to those whose souls are ready to receive it—a lesson of trust in God and the blessings that come from the spirit of sacrifice.

In the story of the expulsion of our first parents from the Garden of Eden is also a lesson of profound significance. How many men and women every day are being driven from their Garden of Eden because of their disobedience to the commandments of the Lord?

As has been pointed out before, the Bible story is not only charming in its interest as a literary tale, but it is always true to life and true to truth. Between its lines may ever be found some lesson of vital importance to mankind. The child may not catch this message at first hearing, nor at second. It is not necessary that he does. Let him enjoy the story as a story. Read it in its sweet simple language from the Bible or tell it plainly. The day will come when its deeper meanings will come to give new joy to his heart.

The wooing of Rebecca, the story of Ruth, the birth of Samuel and his boyhood in the temple, are tales that reflect the gentler side of Hebrew life. They breathe an atmosphere of the patriarchal times and customs, of innocence and purity in court-

ship and marriage, and the rearing of children. Stories of this kind are too little heard in our homes in these days. We need more of this kind of tales.

Another type of story, that challenges the interest of our boys especially, is that which breathes the martial spirit of Israel. The stories of Joshua, of Gideon, and of Samson, of David and Saul, all have a thrilling interest for the martial-minded boy, even as has that other martial scriptural story, the two thousand young Lamanites who followed Helaman as related in the Book of Mormon. Such war stories are wholesome. They bring before him heroes whose lives are worth emulating and when they make mistakes, these heroes feel God's swift reproof and punishment.

Another class of Bible stories that leaves the right feeling in the hearts of boys and girls is that typified by the story of Daniel the boy who learned to live in Babylon and yet partake not of her sins. If any tale is needed among our people today it is such as this.

The story of Daniel is in a measure the Word of Wisdom verified. "Daniel," the story tells us, "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank, therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself.

"Now God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs.

"And the prince of the eunuchs said unto Daniel, I fear my Lord the King, who hath appointed your meat and drink. . . . Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink.

"Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenances of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants. And he assented and proved them ten days.

"And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat.

"Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse.

"As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom; and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams" (Daniel 1:8-17).

In these days when physical vigor and clearness of mind and strength of spirit are all so vital, the story of Daniel, and the Word of Wisdom which his ways of life exemplified should come to us with added force.

The New Testament stories also are ever new. From the sweet story of the angels and the shepherds to the tragic tales of

Calvary, there is a never failing interest for all earnest, pure-minded people, old and young. Turn to any part of the New Testament and you will find some story breathing the gentle spirit of the Master. Every one carries a divine lesson in the clearest, simplest language.

The adoration of the magi, the boy Jesus in the temple, the miracle at Cana, the stilling of the tempest, the raising of Lazarus, the woman at the well, the anguish in Gethsemane, the crucifixion and the resurrection, with the other stories that are there woven together make the greatest story ever told, and each and every one is like a prayer and a benediction.

The parables of Christ, too—those of the talents, the sower, the prodigal son, and others are also filled with truth and wisdom.

In addition to all these stories from the Old and the New Testaments, the Latter-day Saints have a wealth of scriptural stories in the Book of Mormon. This gift to the people in he last dispensation is filled with wholesome and intensely interesting tales which are holding the attention of readers everywhere. The Book of Mormon quietly through its stories is preaching the gospel to all nations and peoples.

The story of the wanderings of Lehi and his sons, the struggles between the Nephites and the Lamanites in this land, and the tragic close of it all at Cumorah make many tales of dramatic interest. These may yet be the basis for expression through music, art, and literature.

A scripture story hour in every home frequently or at least every Sabbath day might do much to stir in the hearts of both parents and children a clearer understanding and a deeper appreciation of these stories, and it would certainly be a means of creating a greater love for the sacred books God has given to us.

LESSON OUTLINE.

1. Give a reason why the stories of the Bible are ever new.
2. Be ready to tell one of these stories from scripture and point out the lesson of life that it carries.
3. What great consolation for mothers may come from the story of Moses?
4. What pictures of Hebrew life are brought out in the story of Ruth?
5. Why are the Bible heroes generally good for boys to emulate?
6. What lesson of especial force is emphasized in the story of Daniel?
7. Tell some story from the New Testament that has especially comforted or impressed you.
8. What Book of Mormon story do you best remember?

LESSON IV.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN OCTOBER.

THE FORMATION OF CHILDREN'S CHARACTER.

We have studied much in our previous lessons this year concerning different phases of "child welfare." But most of our attention has been centered upon the child's physical needs. This is as it should be, since the child is first of all a human animal, and a firm foundation of physical strength should be the basis of every life. Weakness or physical inefficiency is the cause of many a life's failures.

The Keynote of Existence.

Still while it is difficult to overestimate the importance of a well-fed body, we must not lose sight of the fact that the parent's greatest responsibility to his Maker and his child is his share in the shaping and building of a strong, noble character. Strength of body or of mind does not assure one of becoming a useful citizen. The greatest criminals living are possessed of strong bodies and keen, well-trained minds. The greatest duty of the Latter-day Saint parent is to develop and train the character and soul of his child.

Heredity vs. Environment.

It is not profitable to speculate upon which has the greatest influence on character, heredity or environment. Undoubtedly each is a very strong factor and must be given due consideration by those who are interested in child welfare. It is to be hoped that each son or daughter of Israel has been "born of goodly parents," for no bitter spring can give forth sweet water nor may we hope to "gather figs from thistles." The most prayerful concern must be exercised that each one shall choose wisely the mate who is to share in the making of another family. The exact traits that the great law of heredity passes on to our offspring may be beyond our control; but we are to a large extent the masters of the environment with which we surround them. Not so much as to material wealth but certainly as to the moral atmosphere in which they are reared to maturity. We may decide whether we shall teach them to be honest or dishonest; we may, by controlling our own tempers and tendencies to weakness, help them to control the tongue, the passions, and to place the personal will under the control of the divine Will; or by carelessness, teach

them the reverse. We may encourage industry and love of useful labor, or by lack of effort on our part, rear them to idleness. And all necessary traits of human character may be taught regardless of the location of our homes or the condition of our purse. Indeed it is nearly always more difficult to bring out the best of human character if the family has an abundance of money. Adversity and struggle seem to be the conditions which make for the finest and strongest characters. However, if the parent is determined by the help of God to bring to maturity the best in his child's nature, he may do so no matter what his financial condition may be.

The Parent or Guardian's Key.

The first requisite one must have in influencing the character of the child is love—a love deep and unfeigned—and an understanding of the child's nature. This may be difficult to achieve, but it must be accomplished, or our efforts will be vain. Don't be afraid of loving your child or your grandchild (or your neighbor's child, if you are attempting to help him), and don't hesitate to let him know that you love him. Love is to the child what the sun is to the flower—it brings out all the beauty, the perfume, the perfection that might otherwise be stifled or remain hidden forever. No child was ever loved too much, but oh the hundreds that have starved for the most essential thing in life! But do not confuse love with indulgence—they are not synonymous in any sense. Unwise indulgence may undo in one hour all that loving restraint and guidance has built up in years.

Another requisite the parent must possess, if he is to help bring out the best in his child, is a firm belief in the child's goodness and ability. No child can overcome wrong tendencies if he is surrounded by those who are always looking for and magnifying his faults. If you don't believe in your child, play you do, make him think you do—until the child's efforts have a chance to bear fruit and you will be surprised at the result. This may take constant and prayerful effort but there is no other way for you to succeed. Yet even here avoid gross flattery and cheap sentimentality. Let vigorous yet loving truth garnish your words and acts. Correct the evil tendency, but don't forget to encourage the worthy effort.

The Importance of Comradeship.

Take the average child of today. From whom has he learned the most of life's lessons? You may teach him abstractly to love truth, but if you allow him to associate with a child who has learned that by stealing or cheating he may obtain candy or forbidden pleasures, how long will it take your child to practice the same methods?

Froebel, the founder of the great Kindergarten system, says, "Come, let us live with our children." And that is the only way to teach them. The parent who remains on a pedestal and is too busy to come down to the child's level and play with him occasionally, and make his child feel that father and mother are his best friends and pals, may rest assured that his teachings, no matter how good, are going to fall on infertile soil. All of us are most liable to learn from and emulate those whom we love best and with whom we most associate.

The Essentials of Character.

The essential traits of a strong character may be enumerated as: First, love of truth; second, obedience; third, integrity. These three traits (with many minor ones that are outgrowths of them), the parent or teacher should constantly strive to build into the fibre of the child. Every parent will agree with this, but few know instinctively how to practice these virtues, and it is not within the scope of this lesson to go into details.

The child's father and mother should understand that they must first possess the traits they are striving to implant, or the lesson is not successful. They must realize that they have undertaken a job whose magnitude and difficulty makes the building of the Panama Canal sink into insignificance. Yet love and the results obtained when the family are grown to a useful maturity make it the most desirable work that man could undertake to do. The parents must be united in the methods used in teaching these valuable lessons, and must understand that it will require much forethought and actual study of the subject as well as prayer concerning it to be in any measure successful. There are many good books on the subject of child culture; a list of a few of the best will be given at the end of this lesson.

Our Country's Need.

General Pershing, when he first took command of the American troops, is said to have remarked that the American lad of today would have to learn two things: to hold a gun, and to obey. The success or failure of the stupendous undertaking of our nation today will depend as always upon the character of the men and women of our country.

Have they learned first to love the truth? If so, they are eager to do all in their power even to giving the last drop of their blood to prevent the continuation on earth of a great social human error.

Have they learned in their youth that obedience to law, to order, to those who hold righteous authority, is the means of securing the greatest peace and happiness? If so, then it will be no task to be one of a great unit fighting for human liberty.

Have they learned the full meaning of integrity to their religion, to a cause, to their nation, to their family or friends?—then in this great national crisis will our boys be found loyal and true to the first and last call of duty.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by a man's character?

2. What is your opinion of a woman who thinks her mother's duty done if her child is clean and well fed?

3. What is the greatest duty a parent owes to his child?

4. In your opinion, which traits of character are strongest, those the child inherits, or those he has acquired through his environment?

5. In what way may a child's home influence counteract the tendencies he has inherited?

6. What is your opinion regarding wealth as a factor in the formation of character?

7. Tell why love, appreciation, and comradeship, are the necessary foundation stones each parent must use in character building.

8. What are the essential traits of a perfect character and why are they so?

9. How may parent or guardian train a child to the best possibilities of his nature? How may this great lesson be learned?

BIBLE LESSON FOR NOVEMBER.

"Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom. Seek learning by study, and also by faith."

Bible, 1st, Luke, chap. 1; 2nd, Luke, chap. 2; 3rd, John, chap. 1; 4th, John, chap. 2; 5th, John, chap. 3; 6th, John, chap. 4; 7th, John, chap. 8; 8th, John, chap. 11; 9th, John, chap. 12; 10th, John, chap. 19; 11th, John, chap. 20; 12th, Matthew, chap. 25; 13th, Acts, chap. 1; 14th, Acts, chap. 2; 15th, Acts, chap. 3; 16th, Acts, chap. 4; 17th, Acts, chap. 5; 18th, Acts, chap. 6; 19th, Acts, chap. 7; 20th, Acts, chap. 9; 21st, Acts, chap. 10; 22nd, Acts, chap. 16; 23rd, I John, chap. 1; 24th, I John, chap. 2; 25th, I John, chap. 3; 26th, I John, chap. 4; 27th, I John, chap. 5; 28th, II John, chap. 1; 30th, III John, chap. 1.

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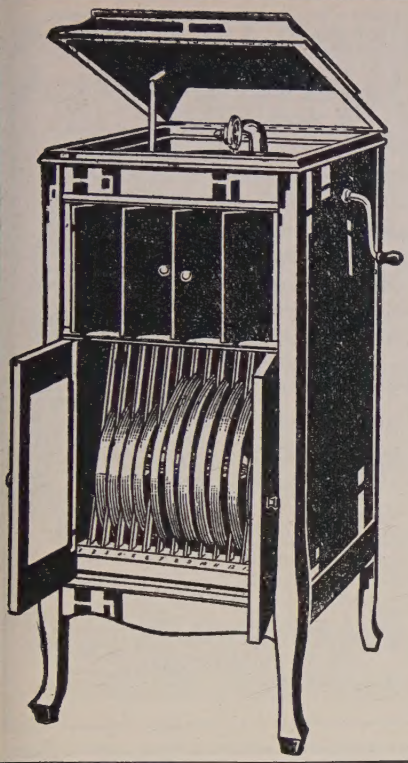

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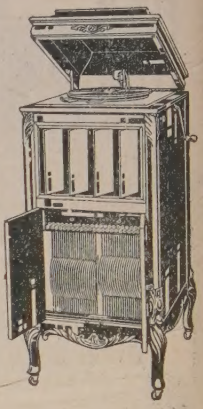

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